531 [291] powder horns) display the most elemental designs, straight lines, geometric figures and swastika-like ornaments. On some popular items of clothing, such as the párta, a feminine headdress, blouses, leather or broadcloth vests and coats, vividly colored filigrees are used for decoration. These clothes, of course, are worn only on special occasions. The best known decorated piece of clothing is the szűr, a long embroidered felt coat originally worn by herdsmen, with very wide sleeves and large square collars. The szűr is worn like a cape on the shoulders, fastened with a buckle over the chest.

The most popular decorative designs are flowers, often tulips or other flowers viewed from above, leaves, birds, and hearts. These motifs are placed symmetrically on the surface worked on and are themselves centered around a root.

531 103 The most important centers of contemporary decorative folk art are the land of the Palóc and Matyó, and Sárköz. Another is Kalotaszeg in Transylvania, now Rumanian territory, re-named Calata. As for the choice of colors, the works of Sárköz are the most sober, often using only black and white,

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while the products of Buzsák and the Mátyó region show the most riotous combinations of vivid colors, the former on a white, the latter on a black background.

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Other production centers of folk art together with their specialties are: Nagy-Alföld, Dunántúl: decorated leather coats and suba (a coat reaching down to the heels and made of sheepskin); Mónság, Hajdúság, Kalotaszeg, Palócföld, Veszprém: embroidered szűr and other clothing, colorful homespun and woven tablecloths, rugs, and bedspreads; Torockó: clothing, embroidery; Kezdiszék: colorful cotton embroidery; Danube valley: pinked lace-like white embroidery; Szeged: embroidered slippers, carved men's clothing; Sárköz, Palócság: painted furniture and dishes and colorful pottery; Hódmezővásárhely, Mezőtúr, Palócföld: pottery, clay-decorated walls of houses; Göcsej, Southern Somogy: carved woodwork (rafters, grave-boards); Kalotaszeg, Kortobágy, Somogy and the Mátra region: carved utensils and furniture; Debrecen: caparisons, decorated honey cake; and Miskolc: decorated boots.

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The Magyar inhabitants of the mountainous territories of Erdély, especially the Székely, have developed the fine art

behinds, use our women and take away our strength. You are right. But not entirely. For just now we are tired and frightened. We have just lost one of our battles.

God, how we fought! And how *they* defeated us!

May we tell you, quickly, about our last defeat before going on?

Listen. This is not an old story. It happened between 1920 and 1937. There is a great lord, Count Pallavicini, who has 60,000 acres. This is a big piece of land. The Count naturally wanted us to work his land. But he—like the other big lords—was only prepared to give us summer work. Such labour was not so easy to get, because the estates were too big; we had to travel from very far-away places, and everything we earned went on travelling expenses, or if we walked home after the harvest we lost even more weight. So the Count and the other big owners started to settle us on their estates. We were given a plot for a house and one or two acres of land in tenure. We came, and we built houses. We started to come after the Turkish wars were over. By the second half of the last century we had already built villages. Funny villages they were. The houses belonged to us—we inherited them from our fathers and grandfathers—but the land they were built on belonged to the Count or the lords.

Here we were, living in villages, in inherited houses of our own, thinking that the houses belonged to us. We had good reason for this. In 1873 they passed a law according to which the plots of our houses might be redeemed while the lease was a matter of agreement between us and the owners. This naturally meant that our villages also belonged legally to us settlers, and not to the owners of the estates. We were told so by priests, by newspapers, even by the gentlemen in Parliament *at that time*. But then the years passed and it turned out that our Count could not bear the loss of the few acres of our eight villages on his 60,000 acres. We were told to get out. We did not want to. So the gendarmes came and we were evicted. Next day we went back. We had nowhere to go, you see. Then the gendarmes came again, evicted us and razed our houses to the ground. The ruins were put on carts and taken away, then tractors came and transformed our villages into open fields. In our village, called Dóc, which was destroyed by the Count in 1926, they even destroyed the church.

The last act of destruction occurred in 1937.

These incidents started in the last century, about 1880. Hundreds of our villages were destroyed in this way.

We were homeless. Later we built new villages instead. Siróhegy (Weeping Hill), for instance. Or Bánomhegy (Hill of Sorrow). Or Kutyanyak. (This would mean in English

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"The village of Spite", though the literal translation is "Dog's Neck".) You'll find these villages on recent maps of the country of our lords.

There is a great deal of proof, if you don't believe us. In Bacska, in Southern Hungary, forty-five out of seventy-three settler-villages were destroyed with the assistance of the gendarmerie.

This was our last defeat. Of course the fight was not so simple. There was blood. Men get mad if their houses are destroyed and their wives and children are chased out into the cold and rain. But we don't want to overdo our complaining; this, our last defeat, we mention only so that you should not despise us for being so humble. We are not.

Some district is always at boiling point. Some district is quiet. It is the aftermath of one of our defeats. To fight we need strength. To have strong emotions we need strength.

Have you seen the old type of oil-lamp which our rich peasants use? It makes a bright light if it is turned full on. But if it is only half turned on, to save oil, the light barely flickers. Well, you see, after one of our defeats, after heavy losses and much hungering, our bodies are just like these half-turned-down oil-lamps. Life is barely flickering in our bodies. Our minds are dull. We can be slapped in the face, we can be kicked, we cannot do anything.

Then time passes. There is a better year. Somehow we can eat more. We put on weight. Life returns to us. We start to think, to want things. Slowly we get up enough strength to start a new fight—the fight for land, for food, for the good things.

This also makes for differences and variations among us. In some districts we are barely flickering, in others we are just preparing.

Now we have made sure that you realise there are different types and different ways of life among us.

But all of us, serfs and land-workers, migrating labourers and the rest, all have a common name in Hungary. We are "NINCSTELENEK". We don't know how to say this in your language. Literally it would mean the Nothing-Less, the People of Less than Nothing. Our language, which is very rich indeed in terms about the various shades of poverty, makes a distinction between those who have not got *anything* and those who have less than nothing.

There are about four million *Nothing-Less* in the country of our lords. We are telling you about ourselves. We should like to tell you how it came about that we live like this. So if you will give us leave, we will tell you our story.

[For enumeration and etymology of settlement names and regional designations see 6: Viski, cat. 116, entire source.]

and Maros Rivers.

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To turn our attention to the particular regions, areas, and ethnic groups: the best crossing place from the Dunántúl is the Sárköz region of Tolna, which has a complementary part, forming one unit with it, on the left bank of the Danube. Its name is also identical, it is called: Sárköz. During the Middle Ages--partly--this region was situated on the right bank of the Danube and belonged to Tolna County; just before the Turkish conquest of Hungary the villages of Csanád, Sükösd, Kákony, Szentistván, Istvánmegye, and Szeremle, which used to belong to Pest County, and today belong to it only partly, --belonged to Bodrog County. --According to the papal land assessment register, one of the archdeaneries of the Archbishopric of Kalocsa was situated in 'Sárköz'; in the fifteenth century the Fajsz branch of the Abbacy of Szekszárd (Fajsz today is on the left bank of the Danube) was also situated in 'Sárköz'; and Szakmár, about fifteen kilometers east of the Danube, belonged to this. The village of Szanto of County Bodrog was also in 'Sárköz' before the Turkish conquest. These facts--which in general show the historical role played by bodies of water--serve as proof of the role of the Danube and other lowland rivers as a divider or unifier of areas.

Ethnographically we may add to Sárköz the villages of the triangle between Dunapataj-Kiskörös-Baja and the Danube typical of which are: Bogyiszló É sekcsanád, Bajaszentistván, Szeremle. The scenery is also peculiar; there is abundant vegetation of a meadow character called 'turján' ('turjány').

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Above Sárköz, between the sandy region and the Danube, as a continuation of the formerly discussed geographical and ethnographical region, from Sárköz to Dömsöd extend the marshy grasslands, turjans of the onetime Solt (Zsolt) County (later district), consisting roughly of todays Rackeve and Dunavecse districts; an area in the hiding places of which the more fortunate portion of the population was able to stay during the Turkish occupation, like the inhabitants of Pereg, Dömsöd, Dab, Tass, Szalkszentmárton, Dunavecse, Solt Dunapataj, Ordas. The Zsolt area was, during the Middle Ages, a thickly populated part of Fejér County.

In that part of the area between the Danube and Tisza Rivers, which lies to the south from Sárköz, we mention Bács County, named after the once existent Bács city, which is known more commonly as: Bácska (Bácskaság). During the Turkish occupation its Magyar population perished completely. The same fate was

9: Eppstein S-4 (no date) 1945 EC1 Hungary EC1

flimsy mud-built houses. It is only recently that the work, not only of regulating the rivers against flood, but of irrigating the plains against drought, has been seriously undertaken. With modern methods an intensive cultivation, in particular of fruit trees, was begun. Through it some centres, such as Kecskemét, have achieved considerable prosperity.

THE BOUNDARY HILLS. The plain is bounded by hills. In the south the plain reaches right down to the frontiers of historic Hungary, and the first hills are those of Serbia. In the north, however, the Trianon frontier still left Hungary a certain amount of hilly country. This comes down close to the capital itself north of Budapest; indeed, the Danube runs here through what is almost a gorge, with the ruins of old castles overhanging it. East of Budapest the plain reaches further north, but there are still considerable hills, the summits of which are covered with beech forests and their lower slopes with vineyards. Here, too, are some noteworthy towns: Miskolcz and Diosgyör, centres of industry, and Eger, seat of an archbishopric, with the remains of an old Turkish fortress and a Turkish minaret still to be seen. Beyond this again comes another group of isolated hills, which produce the famous Tokaj wine, the richest and most powerful of all the Hungarian wines, of which it is said that it is 'the king of wines and the wine of kings'.

The mountains which enclose the Alföld on the east are those which form the boundary of Transylvania, a great table-land encircled north, east